

# Team fined over tight uniforms

## *Players refuse to look like sex kittens*

By LAINIE WINTRUP  
(source: the Manitoban)

The national women's volleyball team has a lot of class. It has become apparent that the international volleyball deep-thinkers to take some lessons from our team.

International women's teams from around the world have been hit by the deep-thinkers on two fronts. The first great idea involves the uniforms of the women's teams. The Canadian national women's volleyball team has been fined \$3,000 because the players refused to wear tight, revealing uniforms.

Usually, policy makers and committees make an uproar because uniforms or

costumes are a little too revealing. Katarina Witt's 1988 Olympic costumes in Calgary are a good example. Witt was ordered to add more to her costume before she could set foot on the ice. In light of her recent modelling stint, it seems likely that Witt was well aware of her uniform's deficiencies.

More recently, Venus Williams's preference for skin-tight, body-hugging uniforms has caused a ripple of controversy throughout her sport of tennis.

The women's national volleyball team has said that enough is enough. They refuse to look like sex kittens to play competitive volleyball.

The order has come down from the pundits that

women's international volleyball teams must wear tight-fitting, sleeveless tops with shorts that appear to be painted on. (Men have been told to wear more fashionable uniforms. Can I suggest Body Glove?)

If the teams were running in a track meet and needed wind resistant, body-hugging uniforms to improve their times, then these uniforms would be ideal. But I've never seen a track meet spontaneously break out at a volleyball game. This tight type of uniform is not necessary.

To fine the team because they want to wear legitimate uniforms is outrageous. The funding for our national programs is a whole

other issue, but to take money away from a program because the team has more class and more respect both for the game and for its athletes than those who profess to be the experts is ridiculous.

The next idea that the pundits have come up with concerns the number of players the women's team may carry. The men's program can still carry 12 members on its roster, but the women's team must eliminate one player and carry only 11. The reason -- wait for it -- is that there are fewer female beach volleyball teams at the Olympics than male teams.

Can you believe this? First of all, women's beach volleyball has a much higher profile than men's -- at

least judging by television representation. Secondly, if women's participation in beach volleyball is lower than men's, perhaps it is due to the fact that many women prefer not to be seen rolling in the sand wearing Body Glove sports tops and thongs.

Perhaps the deep-thinkers will eventually eliminate court volleyball altogether. They can take the highly-skilled game and all its players outside. Then a set of six bikini-and-thong-clad volleyball players aptly oiled up for the summer rays will become the norm.

Some players might look kind of funny. But then, someone could always impose a fine on those whose looks fall below standard.

# Be careful what you dip for

## *How honey-dill sauce can sweep a nation*

By MARKIAN SARAY  
(source: the Manitoban)

Ever wonder if food trends correlate to Canada's economic performance? Before you dismiss the notion, remember that stranger things have happened -- Dylan did come back to *Beverly Hills 90210*.

Well, let's look at the rise of salad dressings and dipping sauces over the years. The seventies and early eighties were predominantly known as the "Thousand Island years." Thousand Island was tart and tangy but had a certain creaminess to it. In those days, the economy was doing okay (hence the creaminess of the sauce), but people were sceptical (hence the tartness).

As the eighties progressed, with free trade and all that other stuff seeming to make us more like the Americans, our love of Thousand Island diminished. Sure, it was still served at birthday parties and your mom always

had it, but it was time to trim the fat, time to get healthier. Thus, all the yuppies got vinegar and oil. Times were getting tougher (as evidenced by the fact that one of the biggest stock-market crashes occurred in the late eighties), so frivolous creams were not necessary.

Then came the nineties, where everybody had no money but plenty of credit cards. The mentality was, "Hey, all of us are going broke, so let's buy a lot of things we don't need." People began to live knowing they could never pay things off, but they didn't care -- they lived for the excess. New cars, breadmakers and really expensive flannel shirts predominated. This was all fat with no sense of remorse or apologies about it. This was cream that oozed creaminess -- hello ranch-flavoured salad dressing.

Ranch dressing took over by storm. Ranch-flavoured chips, ranch vegetable dip, ranch crackers, ranch

lollipops, light ranch dressing and bacon flavoured ranch dressing (side note: could you make another meat bacon-flavoured, because it would be really cool to have bacon-flavoured ham?) were everywhere. It became easier to work in the service industry, because when servers asked for choice of dressing, everyone would say "ranch." What they were really saying is "Hey, put the fattest thing on my salad because I'm living in excess and I can't pay for this meal. So just smile and I'll give you a big tip on my Visa, which I won't pay because I can just claim bankruptcy."

Today, there is a gradual progression away from ranch towards something more multidimensional -- something that can be eaten with many things. As people have to figure how to pay for the excesses they've purchased, they may have to get creative. Once they've racked up a huge bill on one credit card, they apply for

another credit card and carry over the balance from the first credit card to the second card so that they can have more months to pay it off. Then when the bill from the second credit card comes, they apply for a third credit card and carry over the balance from the second credit card, which really is from the first credit card. This now gives an additional three months to pay off the bill! Twelve credit cards later, you've racked up two grand and had a year to pay it off! (Not that I know anybody who's done that, or anything.)

Enter honey-dill sauce. Now, forget the invention of the light bulb, Cherry Coke, the telephone, or miniskirts. Whoever invented honey-dill sauce was a true genius. Although not a true salad dressing, it, like our current economic state, is very multi-dimensional. You can use it for chicken fingers, yet you can use it for your fries, as well. You can use it as wallpaper

paste, too, but that's another story.

When you think of combining honey and dill, it seems as incompatible as Howard Stern talking to Care Bears -- but it works. Think of how odd the world is now -- unstable stock markets, collapsing currencies, massive student debt, the same shirt at the GAP being three times as expensive as at Sears. Yet people still invest, people still travel, students still graduate and there are more GAP stores than there are third-world factory workers sewing the stuff. Then think honey-dill -- doesn't it all make sense?

The problem is that honey dill sauce is all over restaurants, but it's sometimes hard to find in supermarkets. So come on down to 258 St. Paul's College and tell us where you can buy good honey-dill sauce -- or tell us what restaurants serve amazing honey-dill sauce -- and we will give you a prize.